

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, com the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique,

Enter Rosencrans, Gyldesterne,

Gyl. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole history.

Gyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Gyl. Is in his retirement meruailous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Gyl. No my lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it selfe more richer to signifie
this to the Doctor, for, for me to put him to his purgation, would per-
haps plunge him into more choller.

Gyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Gyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit,
hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Gyl. Nay good my Lord, this curtisie is not of the right breed, if
it shall please you to make me a wholsome aunswer, I will doe your
mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseasd, but sir, such
answers as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, may mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she saies, your behauiour hath strooke her into a-
mazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful sonne that can so stonish a mother! but is
there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speake with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any
further trade with vs?

Ros. my Lord you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Ros.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ros. Good my Lord; what is your cause of distemper, you do sure-
ly barre the doore vpon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes
to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Ros. How can that be when you haue the voyce of the King him-
selfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something
musty, oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you, why
do you goe about to recouer the wind of me, as if you would drin-
me into a toyle?

Gyl. O my lord if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that, will you play vpon this pipe?

Gyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Gyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Gyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fin-
gers, and the thumb giue it breath with your mouth, and it will dis-
course most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stoppes.

Gyl. But these cannot I commaund to any vtrance of harmonie,
I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnworthy a thing you make of
me, you would play vpon me, you would seeme to know my stops,
you would plucke out the hart of my misterie, you would sound mee
from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique ex-
cellēt voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s blood
do you thinke I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what in-
strument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me.
God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord the Queene wou'd speake with you, & presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th masse and tis like a Camell indeede.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is black like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then